

THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·
r-x-7

VOL. XXXIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

No. 12.

The Usual Course.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN:

I PLANNED me a castle long years ago,
When I looked ahead at the future days,
And I waited impatient for time to grow,
Till I'd fix it up in a thousand ways.

I planned, that was all; for I went my way,
And I builded as humble as other men.
The castle and all I had promised that day,
Are left with the things that might have been.

Cordelia.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

IF there is any particular gift more than another that can be attributed to Shakspeare it is the consummate skill with which he depicts human nature. So great is his force in showing the workings of the human heart, its motives and desires, that we learn to know his characters as living beings. We despise the mad jealousy of Othello and pity Lear; we hate the ungrateful daughters, Goneril and Regan, and sympathize with the much-wronged Desdemona;—but Cordelia we love and venerate as the ideal of true womanhood.

Cordelia is one of the most exquisitely formed characters in any literature. Schlegel says: "Of Cordelia's heavenly beauty of soul I dare not speak." Hudson, also, asserts that she is "superior, perhaps, to all the rest of Shakspeare's women in beauty of character. She is, nevertheless, second to none of them as a living and breathing reality." Again, there were sufficient motives for the formation of so beautiful a character, as an analysis of "Lear" shows.

The plot of the play is centred around the

madness of Lear. This insanity must have a cause, and the cause is evident, from the old king's love for Cordelia, coupled with the filial ingratitude of her two sisters. At first it seems strange that the old man should be so severe in his treatment of Cordelia, if he really loved her. Shakspeare, however, was a psychologist, and knew that it was possible and entirely probable for an intense burst of emotion to overcome the deepest passion for a short time. Emotions of anger are transient, but the passion of love is permanent and difficult to be blotted out. It was the banishment of Cordelia that brought about Lear's insanity. After the emotion of anger had subsided, and his love for Cordelia had gained control over the old man's feelings again he was mentally tormented. He endeavored in vain to banish the thought of Cordelia from his mind by the excitement of the chase and the influence of wine. He was lonesome, irritable, unhappy, and longed for the sight of Cordelia whose presence was his "joy." Goneril and Regan were objects of his anger, as it was their glib tongues that first incensed him against Cordelia. Goneril says her father upbraids her at "every trifle." It is plain she understood the old king's feelings; and, jealous lest he would repent of his ill-treatment of Cordelia and endeavor to reinstate her in his affections and estate, she consorts with Regan to deprive the old man of all power and to utterly subdue him. Lear has realized the truth of Kent's words:

"Thy youngest daughter does not love the least."
Left alone he is the reproach of his daughters. Is it any wonder he has lost his reason?

I have shown that Cordelia had to be a beautiful character for the up-building of the plot of the play; and that she really was, according to the opinion of good critics. I shall now refer to the character, to examine in what its sublime beauty consists.

It is said that a person capable of loving

much, is also apt to suffer much. Cordelia loved with an intense passion, and her suffering on the other hand is commensurate with her love. The deepest emotions are beyond the expression of human language. Cordelia was burning with love for her father, so much so that during her sister's bombastic and hypocritical speeches a lump rose in her throat, and she anticipated her inability to inform her father in words of her true love. What could she do under the circumstance but "love, and be silent."

Thus, when her father asked her in her turn to tell him how much she loved him, she could only reply, "Nothing, nothing," till finally she was enabled to explain her brevity, saying that she could not heave her heart into her mouth.

What a contrast there was among the characters of these three sisters—the two eldest, full of studied flattery and hypocrisy; the youngest, silent, honest and full of filial affection. The former's speech gushed forth in meaningless phrases, like the boiling water of a geyser that scalds instead of refreshes; the latter's like the tiny stream flowing from a cool spring on a hot summer day. Cordelia has spoken but a few words, yet what a character they connote?

Lear is so pleased with the flattery of Goneril and Regan that Cordelia's simple speech disappoints and angers him. In his wrath he banishes the daughter whom he loved most, and sends her away bearing his curse.

If Cordelia loved her father much, what a sorrow it must have been for her to be separated from him now forever with the remembrance of his anger? She is even more beautiful in her grief. Bidding farewell to her sisters, she displays no anger or jealousy; nor does she rebuke them, only in so much as she believes it to be for her father's good.

"Ye jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father.
To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both."

What a strong though gentle warning was here expressed against the future ingratitude of Goneril and Regan? How pathetic yet affectionate was this farewell to the instigators of her ruin? How meekly did Cordelia receive the cross of sadness placed upon her? She has gone, nor will she again reappear till the

crimes of her sisters cry out to her to rescue her father.

Although the play continues almost to the end without the presence of Cordelia, she is ever in our mind, and we expect her to do something heroic at any moment. It is difficult for us to banish her from us, the impression she made upon our hearts is so real, so natural and so artistically wrought. As the trailing arbutus gives out its odor from beneath a débris of rotten leaves, so Cordelia's character relieves us from the heinousness of her sisters' ingratitude. Cordelia says but a few verses at the beginning of the play, but we anticipate her future rescue of her father. When she reappears she is ever the same mild and amiable creature, worthy of all the love that a parent could bestow upon her. She thinks of little else than the cure of her father. "He that helps him take all my outward worth."

When the messenger informs her that the British are marching against her army, she divulges her disinterested design of procuring simply her parent's cure and sight.

"No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's sight."

If Shakspeare's genius had been doubly as great he could not make a character more beautiful. Although purely ideal and too perfect for this world, the skill of a master has succeeded in making Cordelia a "living and breathing reality." Though we may never hope to meet a woman such as Cordelia in this life, we may still behold her in imagination in the heroines of any large city, and hear her voice, "ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Corneen of the Whins.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

(Translated from the Gaelic.)

In days long ago there lived a widow in Galway who had one son named Tague. Tague was born shortly after the death of his father under a whin bush in a thicket close to the house. On that account he was nick-named Corneen of the Whins. He was a strong and beautiful child, and he continued to grow rapidly in strength till he was four years of age; then his growth ceased; he lost the use of his feet, and could not walk save on all fours. It was surprising how agile he was after all. When he heard anyone approaching the

house he would put his hands under him, and in one jump he would reach the door to greet the comer with a hundred thousand welcomes.

Everybody liked Corneen. To the young he was the greatest source of amusement. Cripple though he was, he was of much assistance to his mother and grandmother. Now and then he visited the thicket where he was born, and would there linger long, eating, like a goat, the flowers from the furze. There was a stream between the house and the thicket, and this he could cross in one jump. The grandmother was very old and doting, deaf and almost blind, and many a battle occurred between herself and Tague.

"Tague," said his mother to him one day, "I must put a leather seat in your trowsers, for 'tis robbed I am buying cloth, and then I shall send you to a tailor to learn the trade."

"Upon my word," said Tague, "I won't go. What is a tailor anyhow but the ninth part of a man? If you want to make me anything make me a piper. I like music better than anything on earth."

"All right," was the response.

Next day his mother went to town to get the leather, and when the youngsters of the neighborhood found this out they got Paddy Kelly's billy goat and set Corneen on his back. Off went the goat running and bleating with all his might, with Corneen screaming like a madman and the boys behind. The buck made for home, and when Paddy Kelly saw him he thought it was the old boy coming for himself. Paddy had not put a foot under him for seven years before, but here seemed to recover his former agility. He rushed through the window, and with all his might cried for the neighbors to save him from the enemy. Back again turned the goat, and off went Paddy, with the rider a close second. Corneen held on tight to the goat's long horns. Paddy faced toward Galway. It was a rare treat for people living along the road to see the man that they had not seen for seven years before running at the top of his speed with the cripple and the goat close behind.

It was a market day in Galway and the streets were crowded. Paddy cried for help, but the people only laughed. He went up one street and down another and so continued till the sun was going down behind the hills. At last they passed a woman who was selling apples, the beauty of which tempted Corneen very much. He let go the horns, jumped and in safety landed on the stand. The owner fled

in great dismay, and Corneen was left alone.

He was not long eating when who happened to pass but his mother?

"In the name of God, Corneen," she said, making the sign of the cross on her forehead, "what brought you here?"

"Ask Paddy Kelly and his billy goat," was the answer. "You're lucky my neck is not broke." Then his mother put Corneen in her apron and made for home.

It was strange what happened Paddy Kelly. When the goat got rid of Corneen he continued the race and overtook the old man a little outside of town. He put his horns under Paddy and did not stop till he landed him at his own door at home. Paddy dismounted and the goat fell dead on the street. Fatigued and sore Paddy went to bed, but next morning the goat could not be found dead or alive. Everybody said the beast was enchanted. The news spread far and wide. Some said that Corneen was a fairy and he ought to be burned; others said that the goat was a wizard and Paddy his associate. However, Paddy got back the use of his feet. The youngsters never enjoyed Corneen more than they did that night, hearing him recount the adventures of the day.

The fatigue he had undergone was not very conducive to sleep on Corneen's part. When he went to bed a mysterious gloom came over him, he did not know why. He arose in the morning in very bad condition.

"I'll go out," he said to his mother, "to see if the morning air does me any good." He did, and made for the thicket. He lay down between two bushes and soon was fast asleep. There he had a wonderful dream. The goat, he thought, was beside him anxious to speak. He awoke, and in reality there was standing beside him, not the goat, but a long-haired beautiful man.

"Don't fear, Corneen," said the stranger, "I am a friend; I come to give you good advice. You are a cripple since your birth and the sport of the town beside. I am the goat that brought you to Galway; but I am now what you see me. Until I performed my mission, which was to give you that ride, I could not change, but now I have a wonderful power. I could cure you right here, but that would arouse a suspicion that you are in communion with the fairies. You are sitting now in the spot where you were born, and two feet under you there is a pot of gold; but you must not touch it yet as you would not use it rightly. Tomorrow morning tell your mother you dreamt

there was an herb growing beside the big granite stone at the river that could cure you. Repeat this dream three mornings and she will believe you. Go then, get the herb, boil it and drink the juice, and very soon you will be able to run a race with the fastest in the neighborhood. Everybody will be surprised then, but this won't last long. You will be thirteen years that day. In the night come here and I will have the pot ready for you; but on your life keep the secret to yourself, and never tell anybody you saw me. Go home now and good-bye."

Corneen promised to do all this, and next morning he told his dream.

"You foolish boy," said his mother, "don't you heed dreams, it's the very contrary they turn out."

Anyhow Corneen repeated the dream three successive mornings, and his mother seeing this began to think there might be something in it after all.

The result was just as Corneen was promised. No sooner had he drunk the juice of the herb than to the surprise of his mother he began to jump and run up and down the floor. That night the neighbors gathered in to congratulate Corneen and his mother on his speedy and miraculous recovery. Paddy Kelly, of course, was in the crowd. Corneen's sudden cure was the talk of all.

"Indeed it's to me he ought to be thankful," said Paddy. "It's the shaking the goat gave him that did the work. Everybody knows that his ride gave me back the use of my limbs. Alas! that my fine goat died."

Corneen strenuously denied Paddy's assertion. He told everything connected with his recovery, the dream, the herb's juice, which was corroborated by his mother, and Paddy Kelly was hissed out of the house.

Everything went well with Corneen and his mother after that. Of course, unknown to his mother Corneen had the pot of gold at his command. Soon, however, he pretended to have another dream three nights in succession, and thus for fear his mother would suspect him of having connection with the goat he made her aware of the discovery of the money.

Corneen bought the thicket and the farm connected with it, and he built a beautiful house on the spot where he was born. He was then twenty-one. Very soon he married; and when he died of a good old age he left a large family with money enough to support them; and nobody of that house ever saw a poor day.

Varsity Verse.

THANKSGIVING.

THOU God unseen to whom the Greeks of old
Erected altars; Thou who from on high
Dost all direct with love's far-seeing eye,
Deep in our hearts find gratefulness untold.
For we our gratitude would now unfold
In praising all the gifts received from Thy
Paternal hand; and may no year pass by
Until mankind Thy bounty has extolled.

From Thee, O source of ever-flowing love,
And Thy unmeasured goodness do we live.
Without Thy grace all earth were solitude,
But this can never be; from heav'n above
Thou art well pleased Thy benefits to give.
Our thanks to Thee! our heartfelt gratitude.

W. H. T.

WOMAN'S WAY.

In church a man his eyes may close
While sage divines the truth expound,
But lovely woman ne'er will dose—
She's "sizing up" the styles around.

W. H. T.

THE "SNUR."

I saw him once before
As he neared his father's door,—
But in vain!
The pavements don't resound,
For he gently feels the ground
With his cane!

His nose is long and thin!
There're weak whiskers on his chin
And his lip!
The belt around his waist
Holds his trousers with great taste
O'er his hip!

His dainty little shoes
Save his feet from many a bruise
When he walks!
His mouth, so small and sweet,
Makes him loved by all he'll meet,—
Ere he talks!

Through his sweet angelic smile
You would ne'er suspect a guile
In his heart!
That single little glass,
E'en without a rim of brass
Makes him smart!

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At his ways;
But his "spanking-brand-new" hat,
The white breeches, and all that,
Me amaze!

If I should chance to be
In so fierce a suit as he
In the Spring,
All may joke as I do now
When they tell each other how
This I sing!

J. R. S.

Food Adulteration.

JOHN W. FORBING, PH. C., '97.

To a previous issue of the SCHOLASTIC I submitted a brief outline of the history, extent, cause, and effect of the adulteration of food. This latter part of my essay will be devoted, mainly, to the character of the adulterants. In order that the reader may more easily comprehend what follows I deem it not amiss to give a summary of the detailed definition of an adulterated article adopted at an early meeting of the "Society of Public Analysts" in England. An article shall be considered adulterated

I. If it contains any ingredient which may prove injurious to the health of the consumer.

II. If it contains any foreign substance that sensibly increases its weight, bulk or strength, or gives it a fictitious value, unless the amount of such substance present be due to circumstances necessarily appertaining to the collection or manufacture, or unless the presence of the foreign material is acknowledged at the time of sale.

III. If any important constituent has been wholly or in part abstracted or omitted, unless due acknowledgment be made to the purchaser.

IV. If it is an imitation of or sold under the name of another article.

Americans may congratulate themselves that the abundance and cheapness of cereals offers little inducement to producers to seek substitutes; that our principal food, bread, is, excepting rare instances, a pure article. In foreign countries, however, many fraudulent additions have been detected in flour. According to *L'Echo Agricole*, in France, it is mixed with the flour of maize and the flour of rice, in some cases, pea and bean meal, peanut meal, castor bean meal, and even the condensed whey obtained from cheese factories. In Germany inert white mineral substances, such as terra alba, gypsum, etc., have been found. In nine flours examined in Grätz one contained as much as thirty-nine per centum of gypsum. A. Vogl, a professor of the Polytechnical Institute of Prague, claims that the mixing of the poorer qualities of flour with the finer is common in Italy and Spain.

Through our newspapers the recent stimulus shown by our food-inspectors has given a fair insight into the adulteration of milk. There are but few persons that are not more or less

familiar with the many impositions practised on that simple yet most important food. The addition of water is too commonly known to mention; yet it may be of interest to some, that, in large cities, dairies employ chemists who analyze their milk and add water in such quantity that it will not overreach the limits adopted by their own state laws. The average amount of water permissible in the milk of eleven different states is 89.5 per centum. The mean quantity of water existing in normal milk ranges between 87.6 and 86.4 per centum; hence, dealers may safely add from two to three per centum and be within the requirements of the law.

Of all foods that should be absolutely pure, milk ranks first. It represents the sustenance, the life, of many beings. What would be the constitution of a child raised on a mixture of milk, water and chalk, or a milk containing such poisonous preservatives as boracic, salicylic and benzoic acids, formaldehyde and others? Of course the addition of starch, maize, flour and other farinaceous substances; glucose, gelatine, glycerine, soda, salt, etc., may not noticeably affect our health, yet the knowledge that we pay for something we do not get, and contribute to a scoundrel's bank account affords us no satisfaction.

Many other foods are similarly contaminated. In looking over my analytical data of "'97," I find a popular brand of mince meat containing twenty per centum of cornmeal and but three of partly decomposed meats. Another brand contained a fair percentage of meats in good condition, but it was preserved with salicylic acid.

Salicylic acid prevents or retards the action of organized ferments, like the yeast plant and putrefactive bacteria, and for this reason, and on account of its cheapness, it is so extensively used as a preservative for canned meats and fruits. That this acid, introduced into the system by the means mentioned above, is detrimental to the consumer's health I have no doubt, the opinions of many others to the contrary.

The testimony regarding the physiological effects of salicylic acid is conflicting. Lehman, a German expert chemist and physician, administered to each of two Munich laborers 7.7 grains of the acid daily for seventy-five and ninety-one days respectively without a trace of injurious effect. I admit that these amounts are somewhat larger than are ever found in food. Physicians claim, however, that

the health of persons afflicted with dyspepsia, or diseased kidneys, is greatly impaired by the action of this substance. Although it apparently produces no deleterious effects on persons in good health, yet, is it fair to expose to its action those whose constitution is such that the constant dosage of this drug through the drinking of beer, ale and other such beverages, and the eating of canned meats and fruits, will result ultimately in the complete breaking down of the system?

In medicine salicylic acid is a most valuable remedy for the acute forms of rheumatism. Dr. Clarence W. Leigh, of Chicago, says there is on the market a great amount of the impure acid which is detrimental to the health of the patient. He says: "For instance, I frequently find that a patient soon becomes utterly unable to take the drug. Gastric irritation is so great that it overcomes all possible aid the acid might have in eliminating the urates, the cause of rheumatism." It is doubtful if the manufacturers that use salicylic acid as a preservative for their products take much care to pay the price of the pure acid. Preservatives should be dispensed by the skilled physician only, and not carelessly shoveled into our daily nourishment by unscrupulous manufacturers.

To disguise the yellow tint of poorly made sugars is added blue ultramarine. Rice flour has also been found as a common admixture. Starch, stearine, salt, cotton-seed oil, and water are well-known adulterants of lard. Tea leaves are mixed with those of the blackberry, strawberry, willow, etc., prussian blue, china clay, soap stone and gypsum. To coffee is added such fraudulent adulterations as chiccory, peas, rye, beans, acorns, almond or other nut shells, burnt sugar and low grade coffees. Candy and confectionery are made pleasing to the eye and taste by means of poisonous colors and artificial essences; wine, with the aniline colors and crude brandy, and so on with every class of food. To discourage this too frequently occurring imposition, we must deal with the honest manufacturer, and mete out to the dishonest the severest penalty that the law will allow.

At a recent meeting of the Senate Committee on manufactures held in New York, Professor Herbert W. Hart advocated a chair of dietetics for every college. He claims that the persistent adulteration of all classes of food is responsible for the present degeneration of the race, and will be responsible for a future generation of idiots.

Jimmy Blake and the Lepri-caune.

ANTHONY BROGAN, '01.

Jimmy Blake felt happy. Although his mother thought reading a dreadful waste of time she gave him permission to sit up until he had finished an interesting story. Jimmy, a boy of thirteen, was very dear to the widow Blake, for he was her only child. She gained a sustenance for both by keeping a small country shop. In this her most salable commodity was illicit whiskey, better known to the natives of County Sligo, where she lived, as "mountain dew" or the "rale thing."

Her business thrived, so we must not be surprised to find Jimmy sitting near a blazing fire in a cozy room with well-swept earthen floor. He read on diligently until near midnight, when he suddenly slapped his knee and exclaimed: "Be the hokey! I never thought of that before."

Nothing thrilling in the romance he was reading caused this outburst, but he just then remembered it was All Saints' Eve. Over the Christian world this night is remarkable for its supernatural happenings, but it is noted especially for them in Ireland. To Jimmy's own knowledge it was on this self-same night two years before that Mrs. Leary, their neighbor, got a charm by means of which she could get more butter out of five cows than any other woman could out of a dozen. And wasn't it said that old Bartley Hogan while down in Munster caught a Lepri-caune on All Halloween? Now no one, not even Bartley himself, knew the end of his money; for the Lepri-caune gave him a purse in which a guinea always remained no matter how much might be taken out.

Here Jimmy's enthusiasm got the better of him, and he again slapped his knee, exclaiming:

"I'll try an' ketch wan, I will be the hokey!"

This time he awoke his mother who told him go to bed. He did not like to disobey or worry her, but bed was far from his thoughts. So he blew out the light, overturned a few chairs, and made as much noise as any healthy boy would groping his way in the dark. Then he laid himself down near the fire, and for a time watched the blaze make shadows dance up and down over the polished tins on the "dresser." But he did not feel so resolute now as when he had the steady light of his lamp. He thought he saw a head raise up the cover of

a teapot which stood on a table opposite him. And just then the wind moaned very dismally through a leafless pear tree in the yard, and shook a dish-pan hanging on the back of the door. Jimmy was beginning to feel very creepy; but he bethought himself of the Lepricaune and purse. He turned his face toward the blaze, reasoning with himself thus:

"If I don't look at them I won't see nothin'."

He understood now why his mother told him to keep the floor clean and the fire bright, for on this night the deceased folk of a household come to visit it. He knew his dead kinsmen sat about the hearth, but he should not see them unless he was to die within the coming year. Yet the thought that perhaps a ghostly great grandfather was even then looking at him unnerved the boy. But he remembered the purse, and gazed fixedly at the fire.

He was not doing so long when out of the blaze stepped a very little man, who took a seat on the unburned end of a sod of turf. He was so small that his feet dangled, barely touching the ashes.

"God save you, Jimmy Blake, said the stranger."

"God save you kindly, sir," said Jimmy to himself. "The Lord bless us! but he talks like a Christian, an' if he doesn't look like me grandfather!"

True enough the little man's brogues, corduroy knee-breeches and frieze coat appeared like those worn by Jimmy's grandfather; and to finish the likeness, his tall hat had a couple of dinges in it like those in old Blake's when he came home from the fair of Ballina.

"Well, Jimmy, me b'y," began the Lepricaune, "I came tonight to give you somethin'."

"Thank you, sir," replied Jimmy to himself. "Begor! he's a friend of the family, anyhow. I wonder if my grandfather could get burned down to that size!"

"Yes, Jimmy," continued the little stranger, "I came with somethin' for you; but first you must promise not to be like your father. Mind your books, me b'y, an' don't be like him, for he was a lad."

Here the Lepricaune took off his tall hat, and drew a parti-colored handkerchief out of it with which he began to wipe his face.

"God protect us! but he's actin' like me grandfather," thought the boy. "And indeed he was fond of givin' advice too. But where does he keep the purse?"

Here he noticed that the sod on which the little stranger sat was fast burning up.

"Maybe I'd better tell him move," thought Jimmy, "but I suppose he's used to the hate. A little won't hurt him, for he's none too civil anyway."

Just then the Lepricaune changed his seat and began to finger in his waistcoat pocket.

"It's the purse," said Jimmy, "but it must be a mighty small wan."

Instead of a purse his little visitor pulled out a tiny snuff-box, then threw his right leg over his left and took a pinch of snuff. He alternately wrinkled up the sides of his face, shut one eye, and kept looking at the boy with the other during the process. Jimmy was now convinced he beheld a pocket edition of his grandfather, but was losing patience because he did not produce the purse. At that moment it did not occur to him that, according to the old superstition, the fact of his thus seeing his grandsire was an omen that meant death for him inside of a year.

"Here, me b'y, take a pinch," he said, reaching the box toward Jimmy.

The latter was about to comply, but noticed that even his small finger could not dip into the box.

"I don't care for any, thank you, sir," he answered pulling back his hand.

"You're as uncivil as your father and the rest of your breed," replied the little man, making an effort to recover his balance.

"Be the hokey! you've said enough about me father," answered Jimmy rather testily. "Faith! I think you've nothing to give me but abuse."

"Yes, Jimmy, I have somethin' to give you, but if I thought you'd turn out like your father it's little you'd get from me. Sure, he was the biggest blackguard—"

Jimmy lost all control of his temper, and forgot entirely about the purse.

"Bad luck from me! you poor little runt, but if you say wan word more again' me father I'll twist the head off you!" cried the angry boy.

"Ho, ho! that's the thanks I'd get, Jimmy Blake, is it? Then good mornin' to you."

So saying the Lepricaune jumped from his seat, and was about to step into the fire when Jimmy tried to snatch him back.

His mother was awakened by a piercing scream, and rushed out to find Jimmy holding a burning coal.

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!" she exclaimed, "why didn't you go to bed when I told you instead of fallin' asleep here?"

Camping.

WILLIAM J. O'CONNOR.

Many things we have not seen and whose praises are sung on all sides we surround with beautiful imagery until we have unconsciously pictured a veritable fairyland. This delusion continues to grow on us, and by repeated association connects itself in such a manner with the object that we can not conceive of it in any other light. We see it as it was represented to us and as we imagined it to be from the representation without attempting to look at it in an unbiassed way. Such was my condition in regard to camp life. I had heard people relate the many pleasant experiences they had camping, until I was convinced it was a great thing; and my natural aversion to "roughing it," as it is called, was overcome by my curiosity to experience it.

We started one beautiful summer morning. Our conveyance consisted of a horse and wagon in which we carried our provisions and luggage. The air was pure and refreshing along the country road, and all nature was fresh and charming from the recent rains. The scenery over the whole trip was very picturesque. Taking into account the distance we had to go and the condition of the roads our journey was a pleasant one. We reached our destination just as the sun disappeared below the horizon, and darkness began to come on. We didn't attempt to pitch the tents, but looked about for some place to spend the night. Unfortunately, there was no desirable place near. After considerable debate we decided to sleep in our wagon. The wagon was unusually large, and as there were only three of us we should have ample room. This very important matter settled, preparations for supper were begun, and then our troubles commenced. All necessary utensils for cooking had been purchased, but we knew little concerning the use of them, a fact that was not known until we had an opportunity of using the knowledge of which all of us had boasted. When we had disputed about the use of certain pieces for half an hour somebody discovered that the stove-pipe had been left behind. This was a sad discovery, but it seemed to end all argument. As we were getting hungry and some other means must be resorted to, a fire was built on the ground and some very bad coffee made. The coffee

with sandwiches, rolls and cake satisfied our appetites.

When the things were put aside as clumsily as anyone could put them aside we stretched ourselves on the grass and smoked and talked about our outing until time to prepare for bed. All the provisions and the rest of the luggage were put on the ground and covered with the tents. With a mattress, a few sheets and a bolster we made a comfortable bed. At this point we discovered that we had entirely forgotten the horse. Another discussion arose as to what should be done with him. At the unfortunate suggestion of some one the horse was left in the shafts and tied to a tree.

While we were lying in bed looking out at the beautiful night some one remarked that there was a ring around the moon and that if we weren't careful something would happen to mar our pleasure. This observant young man was dubbed a pessimist and a coward.

Before many minutes had passed our weary crowd went to sleep and eventually home; for something happened as our unappreciated prophet had predicted. About six o'clock the next morning we were suddenly awakened. A look at the outside made us aware of the cause. The storm increased in violence every moment. The wind howled hideously, rain fell in torrents, trees were cracking around us and the lightning and thunder were appalling. We were terribly frightened, to say the least. The wagon was the only shelter we could get, so we remained where we were and huddled closely together.

But the horse was more scared than we, if such a thing were possible. He stood with his ears straight, looked about nervously, and was snorting furiously. Presently there came an unusually loud clap of thunder and a piercing flash of lightning. A branch fell from the tree and struck the horse on the back remaining fixed in the harness. The horse kicked and jerked noisily. Finally before we could go to his assistance the bridle broke, leaving the horse free. Like a prisoner loosed from captivity he darted through the trees toward the creek.

Many graceful gestures were made with the wagon during this excitement. When the horse started we all tried to gain our feet at the same moment, and as a result we were wedged in. The creek was not far off and we were making frantic efforts to get out of the wagon. But we were too late. As the horse reached the

edge of the water the wagon tipped to one side, and when he plunged into the creek it toppled over. We were thrown out, but the horse went on until he reached the deep water. Here as he was impeded by the heavy wagon he could do nothing but kick. The swift current would soon have carried both horse and wagon into oblivion. We perceived the danger readily and forgot ourselves in our determination to save the horse. By virtue of our combined efforts the horse's head was turned toward our bank, and after a great deal of trouble and exertion we landed the wagon and horse safely on the bank. The poor horse was still badly scared, and it took some little time to quiet him.

The horse and wagon safe on the bank and the horse quieted, we began to think of ourselves. What a serious-looking crowd we were! No warrior after battle ever looked more pensive than our once jolly crowd. And we had reason to be so. To be suddenly awakened by a very violent storm, half scared to death, and then dumped into a chilly creek at so early an hour was not great sport for such inexperienced fellows. We were a little out of ourselves as some one has said.

The thoughtful member of our party was sitting on the trunk of a tree quietly contemplating our spirited horse and battle-scarred wagon. When some one asked him what he thought we should do, he began to quote Shakspeare:

"Poor naked wretches, whosoe'er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these?"

Quoting Shakspeare and sitting there thinking over our disasters we saw wouldn't remedy our condition any, so we mustered our courage with a final effort and went in search of some breakfast. Our appetites had been sharpened by our early morning exercise, and a good breakfast would probably raise our drooping spirits. But alas! instead of the tempting things we expected to find, there was nothing but a sorry mixture of food stuffs. The sight resembled more a hotel kitchen after dinner than a camping party's provisions. The cause of this most unfortunate disaster was apparent. The wind had blown the tents from over the provisions, and the rain and the pigs did the rest. Oh! how we cursed those pigs and things in general; in fact, we were utterly disgusted. The loss of our provisions, along with our other misfortunes, was not, however, the only thing

that annoyed us. We had invited a number of people up from town to spend the first few days; we were going to have an opening. And now what was to be done? There wasn't a thing there fit to eat, and nothing could be gotten without a great deal of trouble, which we weren't disposed to go to, for we should have enough as it was. All the tents had to be put up, many new cooking utensils bought, besides buying in another supply of provisions and probably a new wagon. We discussed the matter at great length, and finally came to a unanimous conclusion. All that remained of our luggage of the day before was thrown, yes, thrown into the wagon, and going to the station some distance away, we telegraphed our friends that we had postponed our outing. We then continued on home fully convinced that camping is not what it is pictured. Now when anyone mentions a camping trip in our presence we smile and look wise.

Books and Magazines.

—With the October number the *Præco Latinus* has begun its sixth year. The improvements in the various departments and the enlarged size of the paper show that its patrons appreciate the *Præco* and are in sympathy with the strong champion of Latin speech, whose efforts in this line are not confined to the *Præco*, but are also reprinted in the "Palæstra" and the "Tusculum." The interesting rendition of Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar—Latin by C. W. Goodchild—has been a welcome series, and the readers of the *Præco* may congratulate themselves that the "Alcestes" of Euripides has been started. C. W. Goodchild's facile pen does justice to the tragedy. All success to the *Præco*!

—The *Ladies' Home Journal* is putting out more material of literary merit than it formerly did. Such articles as those Mr. Franklin Fyles is contributing on "The Theatre and its People," Mr. Henry Irving's "Study of Shakspeare in small Communities," and Mr. Sheldon's paper on Christianity in worldly affairs will be read with pleasure by those who would take no interest in the other pages of the magazine.

—*Raphael* is the name of a very interesting pamphlet sent out by D. H. McBride and Co. It is a collection of half-tone cuts of thirteen of Raphael's famous paintings intended for use in the line of studying the works of this great artist.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 25, 1899.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

The Board of Editors

PAUL JEROME RAGAN, '97;
THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98; JAMES F. MURPHY, '99;
F. O'SHAUGHNESSY, '00; JOHN M. BYRNE, '00;
JAMES H. MCGINNIS, '00; PATRICK J. DWAN, '00;
VINCENT D. DWYER, '00; WILLIAM D. FURRY, '00;
HUGH S. GALLAGHER, '00; JOSEPH P. SHIELS, '00;
ANDREW J. SAMMON, '00; JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '00;
ANTHONY J. BROGAN, '01; HARRY P. BARRY, '01;
WILLIAM H. TIERNEY, '01; FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02;

EUGENE T. AHERN, '03.

ROBERT S. FUNK
JOSEPH P. O'REILLY
JOHN L. CORLEY
LEO J. KELLY
THOMAS J. MURRAY

Reporters.

—Next Thursday should be a great day at Notre Dame. In addition to being Thanksgiving it will be President's Day with us, and that is always one of the chief holidays of the year.

—Last Saturday Harvard played Yale. As the game was at Cambridge and everything was in Harvard's favor the crimson was expected to win. Yet the result was a tie. Notre Dame went away from home to play an uphill game against Purdue and was expected to win. Here, too, the score was tie. Strange coincidences, these of the football world, nevertheless the present season has been filled with surprises, and they only emphasize the fact that we have strong reasons for being proud of our team.

—Before the next edition of the SCHOLASTIC appears the Varsity will have hung up their suits for the season. This reminds us that it is only a few weeks until the holidays and that the Christmas examinations will soon be upon us. It is time now to be preparing for them, for your bulletin will meet you at home, and a low per cent. might prove embarrassing.

The Burton Holmes' Lecture.

No more enjoyable lecture has been heard in Washington Hall than that delivered last Wednesday by Mr. Burton Holmes. The mere fact that Mr. Holmes was to appear upon our stage would be sufficient to draw a good audience, for his ability as a speaker had been heralded to Notre Dame many moons ago. However, when it was announced that he was to deliver his famous lecture on Manila, there was additional interest awakened, as there are very few that are not desirous of becoming somewhat acquainted with the capital city of our new Oriental possessions and with the scenes of Dewey's great victory. Few men can talk on this subject with more authority than Mr. Holmes, as he spent a portion of the summer in the Philippines, and while there had the pleasure of being presented to admiral Dewey and inspecting his flag ship. He also made a general tour of the country outlying around Manila and visited our men at the front. While in the Philippines he made photographs of all the principal objects that came under his notice, and by using these photographs in stereopticon views to illustrate his lecture he makes it decidedly interesting, as one can travel with him through the places he is describing, watch the movements of the people and observe their peculiar customs. In the course of his lecture, aided by these stereopticon views, he is able to give one a better knowledge of Manila, her people and her ways than one could get from two weeks' reading.

Mr. Holmes is a very pleasing talker. He does not use any of the force and fire common among our public speakers. He does not lead his audience off into descriptions of many things, and finally leave them with very vague notions of what he has been saying. In plain conversational tone he passes on from one thing to another, always letting his stereopticon views explain as much as they will, while he supplies merely what is wanting to fill out. There was much humor thrown into his discourse, and the frequent rounds of applause told how well his audience was satisfied with his method of conducting a lecture. Everyone felt that the subject had been treated in a thorough, practical manner, and that the speaker, with his keen observance had omitted nothing that could be of interest. We hope the future numbers of our course will be as instructive and entertaining as this one was.

Notre Dame, 10; Purdue, 10.

At Lafayette last Saturday honors were even, though circumstances were not. Each team scored ten points, five of which came from a touchdown and five from a place-kick. Notre Dame was at a great disadvantage inasmuch as the withdrawal of Hanley from the game put the line in a disorganized condition. It necessitated putting Fortin at right tackle, a position he had never played before, and Wagner, who had not intended to play and who had been out of practice for two weeks, was forced to go in at left tackle. Add to this the facts that left guard O'Malley and left half-back Lins were out of the game, and that the Varsity was on strange grounds with few supporters to offset the fifteen hundred Purdue rooters, and then, if you are not entirely radical, you will not kick because we did not win but on the contrary, you will admit that we did very well not to lose.

Purdue has a very strong team. In fact, its strength is greatly underestimated in this locality since its game with Chicago. That game was no test of the Lafayette men's strength. Our own Captain Mullen who saw the game warned us against being over-confident and forming an erroneous opinion of their team from the showing they made against the Maroons. It was an off day with Purdue; and judging from the way they played together last Saturday they have decided to make up for lost honors.

A pleasing feature of the game was the friendliness exhibited by each team and by the opposing rooters. The best of feeling was shown all through, and when the teams withdrew from the field the large crowd of spectators all pronounced it the greatest game ever played on Stuart Field, and praised both teams for the sportsmanlike conduct of their men.

On our side Captain Mullen, Farley, McNulty, Wagner and Hayes played star football. Macdonald ran the team well, and his great place-kick from the forty-yard line saved the game for Notre Dame. Kuppler, Duncan, Fortin, Eggeman and Winters all played strong games in their respective positions. On the Purdue team, Robertson, Byers, McCoy, Smith and Davidson did the best work. The grounds were in very poor condition, and as a consequence there were no long runs. It was a difficult matter to form interference well,

nevertheless, the Purdue men all had words of praise for the work of our men in that respect.

It was nearly three o'clock when the game started. Robertson kicked out of bounds at the thirty-five yard line, but on second trial he sent the ball forty-five yards to Hayes who returned fifteen. The Varsity was going through Purdue's line at a lively pace and had gained twenty yards in six downs when an unfortunate fumble lost the ball for us, and Spades fell on it. After a few trials at our line Robertson was forced to punt. He sent the ball forty-eight yards, and Farley brought it back eighteen. After two tries at the line Macdonald fell back for a punt, but the ball was blocked, and rolled back forty yards to within two feet of our goal line where a Purdue man fell on it. In the next play McCoy was pushed over for a touchdown. Robertson failed at goal.

On the kick-off of forty yards McKenzie came back fourteen. After this the ball travelled up and down the field pretty lively on an exchange of kicks, Macdonald invariably punting over the goal line and Robertson kicking back from the twenty-five yard line. Once our men tried a place-kick from the center of the field, but it fell short of the goal. Toward the close our team braced up wonderfully, and had Purdue going at a lively trot when time was called with our men five yards away from the goal. Score, 5-0.

SECOND HALF.

Macdonald kicked fifty yards and Tracy returned five. In seven plays Purdue advanced thirteen yards, and then Robertson punted. Notre Dame brought the ball in fifteen yards at the center of the field, and then by plunges at the line and short end runs carried it between Purdue's goal posts in thirteen plays, Captain Mullen making the touchdown. Macdonald's try for goal failed, and the score stood 5-5.

Robertson kicked forty-five yards to Hayes who ran back twenty. On the second line-up the ball went to Purdue for holding. Jones made three yards through our line. On a fake kick Purdue made twenty and stopped on our ten-yard line. Finding our line too strong, Robertson tried a place-kick from the twenty yard line. His try was good, and the score stood 10-5 in favor of Purdue.

Macdonald kicked over the goal line, but McCoy captured the ball and ran back fifteen

yards. At this point of the game Glynn went in at Kuppler's place and O'Malley replaced Fortin. Purdue moved the ball back eight yards and then lost on downs. Our men carried the ball back about fifteen yards, and then Macdonald made his great place-kick from the forty-yard line, tying the score.

On the kick-off of forty-five yards Hayes again came back twenty. After five tries at the line Macdonald resorted to a punt, but the ball was blocked. Purdue made no gains on the first two downs and then tried for a second place-kick. The ball fell into Farley's arms on the five-yard line and he ran back thirty. Our boys took another brace like that at the end of the first half, and were pushing down the field about as they pleased when time was called, leaving the Varsity ten yards from Purdue's goal and the score a tie.

NOTRE DAME	LINE-UP	PURDUE
Mullen	R E	McKenzie
Fortin, O'Malley	R T	Smith
McNulty	R G	Miller
Eggeman	C	Davidson
Winters	L G	DuShane
Wagner	L T	Rich
Farley	L E	Spades
Macdonald	Q B	Robertson
Glynn, Kuppler	L H	Byers, Jones
Hayes	R H	McCoy
Duncan	F B	Tracy

Umpire, Hadden; Referee, H. Clark; Linesmen, Jamison, Purdue; Hayes, Notre Dame; Timers, Cole and Crumley; 30 minute halves.

Description of Heating and Power Plant Being Installed at the University.

When it was decided to modernize the heating and power plant of the University of Notre Dame, one of the questions which received deep consideration and investigation was that of some system of heating whereby the various buildings forming a part of the University could be successfully heated from a central plant, so that the heating of all the buildings would be accomplished with steam at a very low pressure, and so that the exhaust steam from the engines, pumps, and other devices could be utilized for heating buildings and for other purposes whereby the greatest efficiency and economy could be obtained.

After the closest investigation, it was decided to adopt the Webster System of steam Circulation, together with all the appliances forming a part of this system, and contract was made with Warren Webster and Co. of Chicago

covering the installation of their system throughout all the buildings which form part of the University; and under this contract they furnished all the plans for the installation of the system, the work of installation being done under the direct supervision of the University authorities. A brief description of the method of operation of this system may be of interest to our readers, and briefly described its operation is as follows:

Steam is conveyed to the various buildings through main supply pipes running through tunnels and brick conduits to the various buildings, and is distributed at each building through a series of supply pipes connecting with each of the radiators and coils. A series of what are termed "return pipes" is connected with the various buildings, which follow the lines of the supply pipes back to the boiler house, at which point these main return pipes are connected with special vacuum exhaust pumps. The action of these pumps creates a partial vacuum in the return pipes, which extends to the most extreme parts of the heating system and up to the various radiators and coils. This partial vacuum extracts all the air from the mains, radiators and piping, and thereby causes the steam to flow into the radiators and coils at a very high velocity and at a very low pressure.

In order that each radiator and coil and all portions of the apparatus will operate perfectly, there is placed on each radiator and coil and at suitable points in the mains, what is termed the Webster Thermostatic Valve. The action of this valve is such that as soon as the air and condensed water are extracted from the coils and piping, the steam will cause this thermostatic valve to expand and close off, thereby preventing any waste of either steam or water. The entire operation of the apparatus is such that steam is drawn to the most extreme points of the buildings, which are over 1500 feet away from the boiler house with no higher pressure than one pound; and all of the water of condensation is saved and returned to the boilers to be used again.

From this description it will be seen that all the exhaust steam from the various engines which supply the light and power for various purposes can be utilized for heating without producing any back pressure on the engines. One of the most admirable features of the Webster System is the entire absence of noise, as well as the absence of odors or drippings from air valves.

The new boiler house which has been erected

for heating and power purposes will contain ten 100 H. P. boilers, with room for an additional 500 H.P. The smoke stack which carries off the smoke and gases from these pumps is seven (7) feet in diameter on the inside and 165 feet high. This large battery of boilers is intended to be sufficient to meet the needs of the institution for many years to come for heat, light and power. In the boiler room is installed one 500 H. P. Webster Feed Water Heater and Purifier, the necessary vacuum pumps connected with the heating apparatus, and the pumps which feed the boilers and supply the various buildings with water.

Leading from the boiler room to the engine room, a distance of about 350 feet, and a branch to the main university building, about 100 feet additional, is a tunnel six feet high and five feet wide. In this tunnel are placed all the pipes for supplying power to the engines, the main pipes for supplying the various buildings with heat and to return the water of condensation to the pumps and boilers. In this tunnel will also be placed the wires for electric lighting and for conveying power to the various motors which will be located in the buildings throughout the grounds.

In the engine room there will be located engines for producing the electrical current which is to be the medium of lighting and for all power purposes on the campus. These engines will be the subject of an additional letter when completed. The system of heating when fully arranged will extend to all the buildings on the campus, so that the entire heating, lighting and power of the University will be produced and distributed from one central point, thereby producing the very best results at the very least cost.

The extent of the heating apparatus of the University of Notre Dame can be best illustrated through the amount of radiation which is being supplied from the central station, and is, in round numbers, about 65,000 square feet, which is equivalent to nearly 200,000 lineal feet of inch pipe. This is exclusive of all mains, branches, etc., which aggregate thousands of lineal feet of pipe additional. The pipes for conveying the steam will all be enclosed in magnesium to prevent condensation by contact with cold air. It is expected that some of the boilers will be in operation within the next ten days.

A photograph of the entire plant, together with a general view of the university grounds, will be sent to Paris as a portion of Warren Webster and Co's exhibit.

Exchanges.

The verse writers of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* show a decided partiality for the sonnet. The recent numbers of their magazine have contained little or no verse in any other form. A pleasing bit of fiction in this issue is presented to us under the title, "The Culture of Hetty Bates, Singer." The short articles in the Sketch Book are clever.

From the sunny South there comes to us the *Tennessee University Magazine*, a very good college journal published by the students of the University of Tennessee. The present issue is the opening number of Vol. VIII., and it sets a good pace for the succeeding numbers to follow. "Remorse," the opening verse, comes the nearest to being poetry of anything we have found in the college magazines for the current month. The "Scoop of Fortune," a rather lengthy piece of fiction, is perhaps the best of the other articles.

The *Cynic's* editorials are usually written in a clear, strong style, and those of the latest issue are particularly deserving of credit. Next to them, the most praiseworthy portion of the magazine is the *Cynic* verse.

Though the *Minnesota Magazine* is a comparative youngster in the land of college journalism, it nevertheless possesses many things that entitle it to more than a passing notice. The men up in the northern regions never allow their imaginations to be kept in by the cold weather, and the result is that when it runs loose in the columns of their journal, some clever articles in prose and verse are handed out to its readers.

The *St. Joseph's Collegian* is always a welcome visitor at our table because of the general excellency of the articles it contains. In this month's publication we find a strong article entitled "A Typical American." It is a well-prepared paper on Benjamin Franklin, one of the heroes in our great struggle for liberty.

The SCHOLASTIC has on its exchange list the following dailies: The *Student*, *U. of M. Daily*, *Cornell Daily Sun*, *Wisconsin Daily Cardinal* and the *Pennsylvanian*.

HENRY PECK

Lecture on Chopin.

In the University parlors at five o'clock last Sunday evening, Professor McLaughlin lectured on Chopin. A large crowd of students was in attendance, and the affair was pronounced a decided success. The lecture was prefaced by a short biography of the great composer, with a history of his early training and a discussion of the influence many incidents of his early life had on his works. Special attention was called to the fact that Chopin was a very versatile composer, and that his compositions embrace a great many varieties of music. Some time was devoted to explanations of the various forms used by the artist in his works, and then the Professor played several selections on the pianoforte to illustrate more fully what had been said. Though these selections were not intended to be given as concert recitals they were received with much applause, and the many fine points that had been previously explained in reference to them were fully appreciated. The next lecture in the course will be given a week from tomorrow evening in the same place and at the same time.

The Art Lecture.

The second of a series of lectures on art attracted even a larger number than that of the meeting a week before. Professor Paradis took for his subject "Character in Art," and at the same time explained some of the fundamental principles which govern the study of art. Two distinct classes of art were dwelt upon, the one which interests of itself, and the other which interests us only when we know its teaching. The Latin races, or the Catholic element in art, represent the first class, and the Teutonic, or Protestant element, the second. The Professor's contrast of the painters of Italy, where the skies are ever clear and the sun shines brightly, with those of Holland, where the air is misty and the clouds hang heavy, was an apt illustration of the effect of climate and environment on art. He also laid stress on the fact that one particular color predominates the work of each of the great painters and that this color is not the result of a deliberate choice, but of instinct. Temperament, the value of light and shade, and some common errors about art, were treated in a clear and concise manner.

Personals.

—Mr. T. C. Harrington (Com'l '98) is in business with his father at Richmond, Indiana.

—Mrs. J. J. Barrett of Philadelphia, a sister to Professor O'Malley, is visiting at the University this week.

—The Rev. Peter Casey of Evanston, Wyoming, accompanied by his sister, stopped at Notre Dame to visit with members of the Faculty.

—Mr. M. J. McEniry, a prominent attorney of Moline, Ill., who was called to South Bend on business, found time during his stay to call at the University and meet his many friends.

—Mr. Wolfgang Winters of Pittsburg, Pa., accompanied by Mr. Charles Siegwirth, of the same city, while on his way to attend to business matters in Milwaukee, Wis., stopped at the University to visit with his sons.

—Rt. Rev. Frederick C. Hopkins, S. J., newly consecrated titular bishop of the See of Attribis and Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, with Rev. Thos. Sherman, S. J., paid a visit to the University during the early part of the week.

—Alderman John Nash, '71, of Rockford, was at the University during the early part of last week. Mr. Nash's time as a student was spent in the old Notre Dame that existed before the fire. As this is his first visit to his *Alma Mater* since his graduation he was greatly surprised at the wonderful development the institution has made in the last quarter of a century.

—Thomas J. Dillon, of last year's SCHOLASTIC Staff, is making rapid strides in Minneapolis newspaper circles. He began work on the *Tribune* of that city at the close of school last June, and was listed as the "Cub reporter," but his ability was soon recognized, and his promotions were rapid. Two weeks ago he was engaged by the *Minneapolis Times* to cover the big assignments for that paper. Tom was noted here for his prolific work as a writer, and his fellow-associates could always call on him to fill their assignments when they were short of copy.

—Louis T. Weadock, LL. B., '99, a member of last year's staff, is doing locals for the City Press Association of Chicago. His taste for journalistic work was stimulated by his connection with the old SCHOLASTIC that gave Casey, Stace, Sullivan, and a host of other bright young writers to the newspaper world. Those who are familiar with Weadock's fervid arguments before the University Moot Courts and the debating societies will wonder that he has taken up newspaper work when the practice of law seemed to be his pronounced vocation. Nonetheless the wishes of his friends here are that he will succeed in his chosen field of labor.

Local Items.

—The Stock Company is earnestly working at its play to be given in the near future.

—Thanksgiving is the time to commence to build air-castles for the Christmas holidays.

—A game between the larger boys in Carroll Hall ended in a score of 0 to 0. Hubbell's tackling was a feature.

—Next Thursday is Turkey day. If you wish to get a pull with the editor invite him around to assist you in opening your box.

—JACK.—Don't you think that my mustache makes me look older?

GIBBIE.—Not more than a few days at the most.

—WINTERS (at Corby Hall smoker).—Who is going to drink all that lemonade?

WARDER.—Oh! I don't know. I guess Tracy can Kill-a-Gallen of it.

—Some of the old-time spirit was shown among the Carrollites last Thursday, when almost every boy in the hall donned a suit and played or tried to play football.

—A promising game of football was brought to naught in Carroll Hall owing to the injury of Sheekey. No one was found capable of filling his place, so the game was called.

—Before Mr. Holmes' lecture last Wednesday, Griffin walked up to "Jim" and asked if he was going to attend. "Naw," said he, "'taint goin' to be no good. It's Ho(l)me(s) talent."

—SEDGIE.—Say, Charlie, do you know when a mail pouch is like the alphabet?

CHARLIE.—No.

SEDGIE.—When it has twenty-six letters in it.

—Last Thursday the Minims and ex-Minims battled for glory, the Minims winning by a score of 5 to 0. The ex-Minims' touchdown was a "flunk." McBride's end runs were brilliant.

—The H. O. P. Society was organized in Corby Hall with full membership. It is to be regretted that this society is not prominent in all the halls of the University, and not confined to Corby alone.

—The Specials of Carroll Hall defeated the Brownsonites in a one-sided game Sunday by a score of 12 to 0. The score does not tell the story of the game. The Carrollites had things their own way all through.

—"Si's" kid gloves caused considerable comment in the fashionable circles of Corby Hall. "Si" is looked upon as the leader of fashion in this hall, and the Upper Ten eagerly wait for him to bring out the latest.

—Photographic reproduction and engraved copies of the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Correggio, and those of the Dutch and English schools, were

made use of during the art lecture on Thursday.

—The Reverend M. T. Schiffmacher of Neola, Iowa, accompanied by the Reverend M. Drexler, stopped at the University as the guest of James E. Morgan of Corby Hall. Father Schiffmacher has left for a six months' tour through Europe and the Orient.

—Percy's hair-cut caused quite a sensation among his friends last Thursday. It is the first time in many years that Percy has had his hair cut before the football season was over. His hasty act is generally considered as the result of his hat getting too small.

—Mr. Chas. P. Mulcrone, a student of last year, dropped off at the University for a few hours the other day, while on his way home to St. Ignace from Chicago. Charley is just recovering from a severe illness, but expects to be with us again after Christmas.

—Assignments for the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC must be in on December fifth and sixth instead of the tenth as announced when they were given out. Staff members are earnestly requested to settle down to work on their papers and see to it that they are given in on time.

—The quarter-mile and half-mile state tandem records were broken last Sunday afternoon by Messrs. Gaffney and Pim of Corby Hall. Corby Hall students were out to see the feat; and they were as well pleased over the result as the gentlemen that did the riding. Much better time could have been made but for a strong wind that the riders faced for a long stretch in each lap. An attempt to lower their record will be made very soon.

—The second championship game of Saint Edward's Hall ended in Bassi's team, winning by the score of 12 to 2, although individually Taylor's team played a better game. The features of the play were Bassi's bucking and long runs of fifty and thirty yards, the former resulting in a touchdown. For Taylor's side Schaus, Phillips, Ervin, Taylor, Butler and McBride played a strong game. Fumbling was very frequent, Crane capturing the ball several times. Bassi was often held for downs by Taylor's linesmen Shiels and Duer were also very prominent in tackling and rushing for Bassi's side. About the middle of the first half, Duer was tackled behind his own goal by Sweeny. After two more downs, Bassi made a fifty-yard run through left tackle, which resulted in a touchdown. At the close of the first half the score was 6 to 2. During the second half the ball exchanged hands frequently; but towards the end the endurance of Bassi's men gained the day. Three minutes before time he carried his opponents over the line for a touchdown and kicked a very difficult goal. Score, 12 to 2.

—The Antis of Carroll Hall are scheduled

to play Niles on Thanksgiving. The outcome of this game will show the real strength of the Antis. They have been scored on only once this year. The Niles team is heavier, but the plucky Carrollites never run from weight. The Antis average 130 pounds. The game is to be called at 3 o'clock by request of the Niles team. Let us hope the Antis may "add another scalp to their belt" as the baseball team did last year.

—On the way home from Lafayette the football players indulged in several jokes at the expense of the persons assembled at the various stations. Mr. Engledrum introduced as Senator Beveridge and Mr. Ragan introduced as Col. Studebaker, made several stirring addresses from the rear platform of the train, and succeeded in working up great enthusiasm in favor of the Boers. At one station the audience was nearly persuaded to take up a collection for the purpose of shipping a car load of collar-buttons and overalls to Colonel Joubert's men.

—In praising the football team for warding off defeat when it was staring them in the face, mention must be made of the students of Corby Hall that accompanied the team to Lafayette. Although these young men were only eight in number, they gave our college yells with as much energy as the twelve hundred Purdue rooters gave the gold and black cries. When the score stood 10-5 against us, our players appreciated the rooting of this handful, and saved the game. The Corbyites were Messrs, Moxley, O. Johnson, A. Johnson, H. O'Neal, Ellwanger, Powers, Newman and Tennyson.

—The custom of wearing caps and gowns by the higher classmen of our American universities on all appropriate occasions is now becoming somewhat fixed. The Intercollegiate Commission met at Columbia College in May 1895 to form a code of rules by means of which we can determine the holders of degrees. The Undergraduate and Bachelor's gown is made of black stuff, with long, pointed sleeve. The cap is the original Oxford cap. The different courses are distinguished by the tassel: White for Arts and Letters; Purple for Law; Philosophy, blue; Science, gold yellow; Fine Arts, Brown; Medicine, Green; Music, Pink. The Class of 1900 have adopted their respective colors.

—Captain Bassi and his men won the first of the three games from Captain Taylor's team. The score at the end of the first half was 0 to 0. In the second half Bassi proved too strong for his opponents, and scored a touchdown in ten minutes of play. After this touchdown Captain Taylor's men began to work the ball up to the goal. McBride and Ervin made some brilliant end runs and Schaus hit the line like an old veteran. When the ball was on the eight-yard line McBride attempted a place-

kick which fell short of the goal. Bassi was under the ball when it fell, and with pretty interference ran the length of the field for a touchdown. The tackling of Shields and Sinnott saved many a long run for Bassi's team, and the tackling of Butler and Sweeny saved long runs for Taylor's side. The final score was 12 to 0. Captain Taylor's men had the ball near the goal when time was called.

—WEATHER REPORT.—The committee delegated to watch over the seasons and the scintillations of the heavenly bodies present their prognostications for the coming week as follows:

MONDAY:—Venus and Mars work up a monopoly of the water supply, and Chicago milk-men are bankrupt.

TUESDAY:—Old Sol couldn't pay his rent at the "Sign of the Scorpion," so he had to move over to the "Saggitarius." He can't stay out nights now.

WEDNESDAY:—Northeasterly sunshine during the forenoon. Turkey tries to be diplomatic and sneak out of the coop.

THURSDAY:—Barometer approaches the danger marked with a red flag. Christians get hot and raid Turkey.

FRIDAY:—Thunder-claps loud enough to raise a mustache.

SATURDAY:—Thermometer tries to pole vault the 60° mark, but gets disgusted, and retires to the bulb endeavoring to break loose from its surroundings.

SUNDAY:—A day that reminds one of the principal concomitant of a German lunch because it will be so "cheesy."

—The agent for the Humane Society, Vinnie, has put a stop to the collection of dogs and cats that was recently started by one of our modest students. Up to today everything was prosperous for the first annual dog and cat show, but when the gracious protector of animal rights called a halt the plans were all overthrown. The report soon spread about, and the stockholders rushed to Pres. Shag's room to withdraw their investments. In vain did the Pres. talk with the furious mob. He explained a scheme to overcome all the trouble caused by Vinnie, but none would listen. The trouble is all due to our manager. He had already received a water-spaniel, a bull-dog and a Maltese cat to be exhibited at the show. Owing to lack of room at the present time he put them in one cage. They fought furiously, but the manager thought they would become acquainted after a time. When he saw they wouldn't agree he called in a few friends and started a pool on the fight. Excitement was high. The cat howled, the dogs barked and the fellows yelled, "Hit 'em hard," as if they were cheering for Rahe. Vinnie heard the noise and had the bunch pinched. Unless immediate steps are taken our show must be postponed.